BEAUTY OF PERSISTENCE MR. LOOMISS TRIP WITH

MAN FOR WHOM DOORS OPEN. Value of Tenacity of Purpose Illustrated

at Cambridge When Col. Roosevelt Got His Degree-Impressions of the iony and of the University. Larmon, June 1.-There is so much in

I find that if a newspaper man wishes to succeed he must cultivate a certain amount of tenacity of purpose. A man whom I will call Massinger

een my companion a good deal of late. He is a newspaper man, and however shy and retiring he is when at home or unong his friends, no one would think se adjectives for a whole day after seeing him at work getting to some place where his presence was not absolutely necessary from the point of view of the man refusing him admittance.

Take it at Cambridge. When he sited me to go down with him to see evelt receive his degree I accepted with alacrity, although I did not see how re the ceremony was to take

abelished in America that a pass England. lmost as interesting to my eyes as to a bibliophile. It was an inconseial bit of flimsy paper, but it was and I was glad to travel first class to see what it was like. They say rtment except Massinger, and he

we got to Cambridge we learned ther line and would arrive in twenty Massinger is sending photohe as well as letters to his paper and went to meet Roosevelt.

It was nothing, a mere bagatelle, for him to get into the reserved space, and of se I went along, as I have credentials at pass me through certain lines when my nerve with me; andI always have it when I'm with Massinger rubs off of him. It's like coming in contact with a newly painted post. You can't nelp coming away with something.

So we stood there and waited for the oming of the man that English papers may (with a certainty that would seem to argue that they had been out West and talked with almost anybody) will be our

At last he came, red faced and smiling, mingly perfect health and bound to add another to the good times he has had since he joined this busy little world of

nger went so close to him that if my friend had been a flame and Roosevelt wore a beard the beard would have gone up in a puff of smoke. He got him and welt never turned a hair. He looked just as pleasant as he had been looking. Ve had been told how to make a short

cut so that we might see him when he first me the Cambridge crowd that had come down to welcome him, undergrads and townsmen and reporters.

He was hailed with an English cheer that emed to be just like an American one welt parted his lips for the first time and vavealed a very perfect set of teeth that looked as if they could snap a bone in two with one incisive click. Mrs. evelt and Mrs. Longworth were in ourning, but that did not look odd. as there are no colors anywhere in England except in nature, and I wonder they dare flaunt their colors so shamelessly is one thing and a natural thing: but black-kindly excuse me while I change the subject. When I get on to that topic I am apt to grow intolerant, and

If I could describe the beauties of the full plumed chestnuts, the May trees and the Cothic towers rising shove themif I could describe them and the eld King's Chapel with any degree of adequacy I should become a poet of the first water by virtue of my description. But I was born to adore unsinging, and beauty dies

Besides I have seen Oxford, and is no comparison, save that I can think of no chapel at Oxford that equals King's Chapel in its nobility and its call to silence

Massinger reminded me that if I shouldn't have been.

Apropos of 1912 I was asked in all seriousness by an Englishman in London who was chatting on American politics with a group of English friends what chance Senator Beveridge had of being the feet on a footstool, an embodied spirit of domesticity calming the most feverish traveller. She is frequently occupied with what she calls "wools." for the mounts of the English woman of all classes with a group of English friends what chance Senator Beveridge had of being chamber. Here I was to see the beauty of persist-

ence. Here I was to see how it is that people get their news every morning . in full throated tones Massinger started

to ask whom we should see in ord—

"Sh!" said the verger or door man or bellboy or whatever he was called, and peeping through a screen I saw that some of the flower of England were engaged in study, and it ill became us travellers from across the seas to disturb.

although the other newspaper row, and the pointies over here, but there are no guide posts.

Even Massinger's resources were unsound, wholesome men and women, who is spite of pork pies cold and mutton in spite of pork pies cold and mutton warm are as clever as they are kindly. They make the American glad about that "transatlantic cousin" phrase.

The old habitue of Weller and Fields's

to come presently, was the only man who could grant our request.

He came, a courteous, splendid looking fellow, six feet tall and looking as hearts when in the course of it he reif he might be master of a college some

nothingness, to vanish as a vapor or the But his prowess in the jungle is as nothing to his

A paraphrase of those words would have risen to my lips had I been alone. I would have made my way out reverently and left the young collegians to their absorption of knowledge. Did Massinger fie that? No, a thousand times no.

He said: "That's too bad, because we have come all the word would have made my way out reverently and left they out their skirts. While they are in the hotel these straps daugle free, giving their akirts the benefit of their full length. In good weather the women prepare for outdoor perambulation by fastening the straps to the first row of buttons, hear some mare

He said: "That's too bad, because we have come all the way down from Lon
At the coming visitation of the moral Theodore.

We've read your precious homilies and hope to the strape to the first row of butt which makes their skirts ankle length but when it rains all skirts are done.

have come all the way down from London to describe this very interesting ceremony in which an American is honored by his British cousins. We are both allm men."

Yes, but you see it's a matter of crowding out some of our own men, our dons. The place is very limited. I assure you, gentismen, I'd like only too well to let you in, but there's a man for every seat, and we gave out all our press tickets this moraling. For all I know some others may be come. and if I were to stretch a may come. and if I were to stretch a month and let you in, why not them?"

They won't come. All the naws.

At the coming visitation of the moral Theodere.

At the coming visitation of the moral Theodere.

But you've proud to have you here: things with you we see the same to the substantial ourse hems to the substantial ourse hems

paper men who are coming are already COMEDY TYPES IN

"I might let you into the alcove if you could write on your knees." "My dear man, I don't write at all. take no notes. When I go back to London I'll write it. I don't even need

"Well," said he, scribbling on his card "Admit two," "this will admit you to the alcove, but I assure you it will be a tight I didn't like those words "a tight

squeeze." It reminded me too much of that awful funeral pack in which I had nearly lost my life, but I had had a good president. I did not have my rain and I had no camera, so I did not allow his expression to worry me. We got in. Massinger stayed out-

side to snap Rooseveit in his red robe and then came in, but I got in when the doors were opened and sat with the accredited representatives of the press of England and America in the alcove and we saw Teddy come in.

Thomas Nelson Page also came not a soul knew who he was and so he went without cheers. Perhaps next year they'll take it into their heads to honor we were going to get into the senate Mr. Page with a degree, and then the undergraduates will cheer him.

Here and there was a red hood, but We travelled down first class and on a for the most part black gowns, in token pass. It is so long since special privilege of the great loss that has fallen upon

Roosevelt walked up to his place and first edition of Sappho's poems would then two gantlemen in mortar boards got busy with some minutes. Every time they came to the end of a paragraph they the distance, going and com-took off their hats to themselves, which amused the undergraduates and Roceevelt immensely. They cheered each doffmly lords and fools travel first class, but ing of the cap. I suppose that 2,000 I certainly had no companion in our years ago some silly don started the custom and it has been kept up ever since and the two were so solemn over They never omitted the respectthat Boosevelt was coming down by an- ful salute to each paragraph; "reading graces," I think is what they call it "Etiam luctus publici in tempore, Regis

optime memoriæ celebrandæ consecrato dies unus saltem lutus interlucet. Regine nostre nove natalis dies." That and a good deal more from the

master who conferred the degree. Some of the undergraduates understood it, but a good many did not. I stayed away from college for the

whole four years, and the first book of Casar did not help me to understand anything but "natal day," which I am told referred to Queen Mary's birthday It was a good speech and Roosevelt knew where to look pleased. But of While I wasn't going to college but was helping retard the progress of the wholesale dry goods business in Boston he was at Cambridge imbibing knowledge. Of course he understood every word of it. That's one thing. A college man never forgets what he has learned. Hence the value of a college education.

The exercises were not long and soon it came time for Roosevelt to retire a full fledged doctor of law, Cambridge brand. Then I understood what the string meant that was stretched from gallery to gallery.

From it depended another string and from that hung a Teddy bear that dropped to within an inch of Roosevelt's face and then dangled above him, to the rapturous delight of the undergraduates and the great amusement of Roosevelt himself. dignity of scarlet robes was forgotten. He made a reach for that Teddy bear and shook its leg cordially. Then it was jerked away from him while a cheer went up, and after that it danced on bald heads of venerable men of learning and did Russian dances in midair. until at last coming too near the ground it was caught by a master of arts, who retained it as his prize.

Massinger snapped Roosevelt and coming and in the building, so he got what he had come for; and I got what I had come for, which was another manifestation on the part of Roosevelt of his

I was to see it later when he regular correspondents and heard his long ago given up that desperate struggle fortune I was able to meet him with the expression of keen pleasure at being in a

as between Cambridge and Oxford there as they say in Kansas," and that it was a

there. If it hadn't been for Massinger

mamber.

Here I was to see the beauty of persistings. Here I was to see how it is that copie get their news every morning.

We walked into the senate house and full throated tones Massinger started with the next President. He was surprised the next President. He was surprised blandly smoking on terraces and in restaurants. You know it must be a duchess, nobody else would show such a full throated tones Massinger started politics over here, but there are no prejudices.

liers from across the seas to disturb although the other newspaper men got in and had a delightful time. I was In whispers we pursued our talk and glad to see that there were times when learned that a certain master of arts, nothing would avail save a proper ticket. It put me on better terms with myself.

ferred to having "liked his job" as Presi-

TOURISTS JUST LIKE THOSE

SEEN ON THE STAGE. he English More Repressed Since the

Heer War-Germans When They Travel-Few Frenchmen and Italians No theatregoer should feel lonesome on a trip to Europe. Good old fashioned comedy characters happen along at every All the old friends are present, and

then some. There is the Englishman with his drawl and his tub; the English woman with her reversible figure, also her implacable feet; the French waiter, seething and frothing with language; the demi-mondaine, whose deportment is so discreet that you can scarcely believe that it goes down with the sun; the German, who according to circumstances is either a lump or an explosion; the Italian withyou would swear it-ten hands and forty

course there are plenty of new types, but these old friends are so familiar that they give you almost as homy a feeling as fellow American tourists do: American men with their short speeches and long cigars; American women with their pretty clothes, also their pretty noses, which they mistakenly neist on using as a vocal organ.

fingers on each hand,

The British traveller used to be disliked all over Europe. He thought he was cock of the walk. Whenever he moved he seemed to be doing it to the tune of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." For the last ten years he has been a chastened creature.

When England had her hands full with the Boer war people in Europe took that opportunity to try to get even. They did it in funny futile little ways, such as jostling lone English women and making uncomplimentary remarks concerning the anatomical architecture of those some what gothic persons.

It was like a lot of little dogs yelping at the heels of a big dog when the big fellow was safely occupied with a scrap of his own, but it made the English open their eyes. They were shocked and apparently grieved to find themselves so cordially distiked. They became reformed characters. They were the kindliest of fellow travellers. They seemed to be saying wistfully

"Just see what a good sort I really am!" They complained little and they paid big. To all appearances they had been born again and born better. Of course they didn't sparkle, but you really couldn't expect people nourished on mutton and cold pork pies cold, remember!-to sparkle.

Speaking of food, the Continental traveller learns to dread one English type in particular. That is he avoids sating with the species. When it comes to table manners the English curate, at least on his travels, is almost on a plane with a French drummer, than which there is no lower depth.

These curates seem to be kindly, harm ess creatures, much taken up with consideration of altitude and temperature and botany, but if you can manage to let them get past the soup before you go to the table you will enjoy your diane

The young curate's wife has better table manners but worse general manners She needs another Boer war to chasten her. She has been called the most unregenerate snob that crosses the Channel. but she is forgotten in the charm of a nice old perennial type of English woman whose shadow, though generous, never grow less if the prayers of travellers shall have their way. She too is allied with the clergy. She may be the wife of a vicar or even of a bishop. She is always the same.

You will see her in a thousand moderate priced Continental hotels. Her smooth gray hair is topped with a fussy little behas settled into lines of peace. She has which young English women are always expression of keen pleasure at being in a place where Macaulay and Milton and Harvard had dwelt and studied.

And I "got a line" on his popularity when on my being introduced to him he said he had "followed after my work, as they say in Kansas," and that it was a pleasant surprise to see me there.

I was surprised myself, surprised that he knew my work and surprised to be there. If it hadn't been for Massinger is the surprised to a footstool, an embodied spirit of domesticity calming the most feverish

is right at home when he runs across a party of German travellers abroad. The German fills the same rôle in the larger play of travel that he does on the stage here.

Who ever made a wholly serious rôle of The undergrads prevailed on Roosevelt the German? It is always to laugh when to make a speech and took him to their he comes on. It's the same thing abroad. On his native heath he takes life gayly and

easily.

He's a good fellow and a good friend: ferred to having "liked his job" as Presiday.

Said Massinger: "We would like to witness the ceremony this afternoon. I represent, &c., &c., and my friend represents so and so" (the truth—I had my credentials with me, but I am only expected to write a letter now and then when the mood soizes me).

Now this is where, in the words of Gilbert, I should have "retired apologizing."

"Far from me to try to intrude upon your sacred ceremony. Consider that you have flew of early morning."

ferred to having "liked his job" as President. He was delighted with the boys, as he said afterward.

In all thy getting, get a young heart, it comes in handy scores of times in the sightsees with the energy and the concentration of one of his own Krupp guns. He booms and blunders around like a burly bumble hee drunk with the hunt for honey. He wears a foolish little green feit hat away the heart he had when a boy I'm sorry for St. Paul. And I congratulate Dr. Roosevelt.

Here follows a copy of the verses that appeared in the Gownsman, verses that appeared in the g

postcards, and at the theatre when the American goes out for a drink the G

The familiar French types are plentiful. A PAINTER OF GENIUS IN NEW enough at home in France, but you can do a good deal of travelling without catching any kind of a Franchman out-

do a good deal of travelling without catching any kind of a Frenchman cutside his own country. Only the exceptional ones have money enough to travel, and not very many of them care to spend their substance that way. For a nation which is not infrequently taunted with having no word for "home" the people of France display an extraordinary fondness for staying pretty close to their own firesides.

The French stay at homes seem to be of all sorts; but as a rule the French not at homes are, etrangely enough, the most inconspicuous of travellers. They dress well but quietly, converse among themselves with ease but without any touch of aggressiveness, and appear to be far and away more espable of an intelligent interest in what they are seeing than nine out of ten of their fellow tourists of other nationalities; but if more of them travelled they would probably furnish their share of the entertainment.

The same is true of the Italians. the veget they restrict the same of the entertainment.

The same is true of the Italians. Precious few of them travel, except to come to America. You see more Italians in New Land Company to a seen in a year

York in one day than can be seen in a year in all Europe outside of Italy. When it comes to comediens of travel Americans furnish their share of the en-

Americans furnished to the constitution of the constitution of the constitution of the countries are peculiar to them.

That Americans often look and sound ridiculous in other countries no one can doubt who has made protracted stays abroad. The writer remembers are a countries as a constitution of the countries are constitution of the countries one summer when after a year or two in Europe he couldn't suppress a grin of tolerant but very real amusement whenever he ran across a bunch of young American fellows in hats of the coarsest braid, with dinky brims about an inch wide and almost as thick. If the coarsest braid, with dinky brims about an inch wide and almost as thick. braid, with dinky brims about an inch wide and almost as thick. If the Amer-icans had never worn those thick, knuckly little sailors but had found a lot of German youths sporting them, it would have been subject of inextinguis

"THE GIRL OF ANTIUM." nother Identification of the Statue That Puzzies Archmologists.

Svoronos, director of the Nur matic Museum at Athens, thinks he has

The professor bases his identification Phonisse." According to his interpre- importunities he continued: tation the statue represents Manto, the daughter of the Theban soothsayer Tiresias and prophetess of the Apollo at Thesbes, Delphi and Colophon.

He explains the characteristics and attributes of the statue which baffled Italian archæologists. He says that the statue formed part of a group; that it is the work of two sculptors, one of whom executed the nude portions of the figure in Parian and the other the drapery in Pentelik marble. He appears convinc that "The Girl of Antium" was carried to Anzio by Nero from the temple dedicated to Tiresias at Thebes.

Italian archeologists ridicule the Greek professor's interpretation and absolutely deny that "The Girl of Antium" have belonged to a group, since the niche where it was discovered is still intact and it could not possibly have contained more than a single statue. Besides this niche is identical in size and shape with another one situated opposite where another statue, erroneously believed to represent

the goddess Artemis and still owned by the Aldobrandini family, was found. Prof. Milani of the Florence Archæologi-cal Museum doubts whether any city named Pelleme existed in Thessaly and mys that the coin which served for worono's identification is practically nknown. On the other hand several oman coins bear the two figures of ortune, one partly the other entirely raped, Fortuna vietrix and Fortuna which were worships rated temple of Antium

The two figures represented on the coins prespond to the position of the two correspond to the position of the two statues found in the niches at Anzio and identical with that of the two statues.

Moreover Prof. Milani discovered that "The Girl of Anzio" has four small holes in the back of her head which evidently were intended to hold in place a gift bronze diadem which is represented on the

coins.

The Aldobrandini statue supposed to The Aldobrandini statue supposed to represent Artemis has four corresponding holes and it may be that the two statues represented the twin goddesses of Fortune. The Italian Government only purchased "The Girl of Antium" two years ago, when the Aldobrandini family had almost succeeded in smuggling it abroad, and the Government experts declared the other statue still in the possession of the Aldobrandini to be worthless.

BOOMING AN ARTIST IN PARIS. Steps by Which an Unknown Painter Is Tumed Into a New Master.

PARIS. June 15 .- How to boom an artist s told by a writer in Gil Blue. For the booming of a new artist astute dealer is necessary. He catches his artist as young as possible, preferably as an exhibitor of crasy canvases at the Autumn Salon or the Independents Exhibition, and commissions him

paint a hundred pictures in a year. One by one, occasionally in twos and threes, at judicious intervals, the dealer sends the pictures to the Hotel Drouot for sale by public auction. There he has confederates, who raise the price at each

ale, and he buys them in himself. After a few months the young artist's canvases have a certain market value and the next step is taken to turn their painter into a modern master. The critics are attacked. One of them is asked to look at some daub and when he cries out with

horror, the dealer says:
"What? You don't like it? Take it home with you as a favor to me, live with it six months and then-

the critic and cannot contain his admira-tion for the new artist's picture.

"What a masterpiece! The most mod-ern thing in art I have seen for a long time!" he exclaims.

Doubt begins to invade the critic's mind.

Doubt begins to invade the critic's mind.

and when one or two more enthusiastic arnateurs have visited him he is worked up to writing a column of panegyric on the new master. The arnateurs are of course sent by the dealer.

One or two articles, and the boom is in full swing. Wealthy and simple minded collectors, remembering how other painters have been decried in their early days and how their works later have commanded fancy prices, rush in.

The new master makes about 10 per cent. of the profit and the dealer the other 90 per cent. The new master is at the mercy of the dealer. If he grumbles the dealer floods the auction rooms with a hundred or so of his masterpieces and orders his agents not to bid, the result being that the canvases sell at rubbish prices and the boom is burnt.

SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

YORK BUT KNOWN TO FEW. ssem Visited in His Studi -"A Lost Master With a Hu Masterpieces" - A Modern Artist

with expect Belongs to the Benni service for the glorification of Titian more than once, and I've inevitably no-"What's become of Waring since he gave us all the slip?" was quoted by a ticed that you had a trump of your own up your sleeve. You love Titian; well, painter the other night at the Painters What made him think of Brownadmit it; you don't paint like him, your ing was not the terrific heat, he blandly color scheme is something else, and what explained to the three or four men sitting you are after you only know yourself. at his table in the terrasse, but the line Come! Trot out your 'Phantom swam across his memory when he had or "The Cascade of Gold," or, better still, recalled the name of Arne Saknussem shepherds." as a green meteor, seen far out at sea for a moment, drops into the watery Who in the name of Apollo was a big easel in proper position, fun void. Arne Saknussem? was asked. The painter among the canvases that made the room sat up: "There you are, you fellows," he roared. "You all paint or write or speil marble, but for the history of your ner, not Maryatt, was the inspiration, art you care not a rap!" "Yes, but what murmured the master. has your Arne Thingumajig to do with "Only this," was Browning's Waring?" the grumbling reply; "it is a similar case.

not fair." "I didn't care to explain to may melt into air bubbles before it reaches my taste. They go to the Holy of Holies of art to pray and come away to scoff. Materialism—rather, as you call it, realism -is the canker of modern art. Suppose I told you that here, now, in this noisy Tophet of New York, there lives a man of genius (as if there ever was a woman of the color was the strangest part of genius!) who paints like a belated painter rom the Renaissance? Suppose I said that flowing gold, potable gold; gold that I could show you his work, wouldn't you say I was crazy?" He paused. young genius, poor, unknown. identified the celebrated statue known lead us to him, Sir Painter, and we shall "The Girl of Antium" discovered in call you blest." "He is not young, and 1878 at the Villa Aldobrandini, which is while the great public and the little built on the ruins of Nero's palace at dealers have not heard of him he has a Anxio, where the Apollo Belvedere was hand of admirers, rich men leagued in a conspiracy of silence, who buy his pictures, though they do not show them to on a coin of Pellene in Thessaly and on the critics." We reiterated our request, many verses in Euripides's play "Lead us to him!" Without noticing our

moonlit sea?

Hawthorne's magic prose.

accomplished!"

ing out:

What shall I do?" "Paint!" was the

In New York, now, a painter of genius

Saknussem, will be ever come out from his paint cave and show the world his genius? Perhaps. Who knows? As the Russians say, Avos!

A Pennsylvanian's Sunflower Farm

From the Philadelphia Record.

Alpine White, who purchased the Brady farm

near Mapes station on the Beech Creek Hailroad, Clinton county, has planted nine acres of ground with sunflower seed exclusively. The place will

UNIQUE EXHIBITION OF

OLD JAPANESE

BAMBOO BASKETRY

FOR

Jardinieres, Hanging Floral Vases-Card Trays and Work Baskets

Original in Draign, Carefully Hand Made and of Great Durability

Suitable for the Summer Season,

AT THE

Elite Art Rooms

(OTTO FURUSHIMA)

S HAST SOTH ST., Near St. Ave. American Paintings, Old Chinese Percellain

loubtless present a gay appearence when

answer of our friend as we left

We suspected

group gradually dissolved. We sat still.

"He paints for the sake of beautiful paint, he paints as did Hokusai, the Old Man-Mad-for-Painting, or like Frenhofer, the hero in Balzac's 'Unknown Masterpiece.' He is more like Balzac's Frenhofer is that the chap's name?than Browning's Waring. He is the Lost Master, a Frenhofer who has conquered for he has a hundred masterpieces stored away in his studio." "Lost Master! we stuttered, 'a hundred masterpieces that have never been shown to public or critic! Oh! never star was lost here but it rose afar!" "Yes, and he quotes Browning by the yard, for he was a close friend of the English poet and of his best critic. Nettleship, the animal painter "Won't you tell his story connectedly and put us out of our agony? we pleaded. "No," he answered, "I'll take you to his studio." The evening

ended in a blaze of fireworks. Next afternoon we found ours Greenwich Village, in front of a row of old fashioned cottages covered with honevsuckle. You may recall the avenue and this particular block that has thus far resisted the temptation to become lofty apartment houses or busin palaces. The painter met us and conducted us westward until we reached a warehouse, gloomy, out of repair, yet solid despite the tear of time. We entere the wagonway, walked across a dirty court, entered a dark stairway, climbed three flights and paused before a low door 'Do you knock," we were admonished, and proceeded to do so. Approaching rusty bolts and keys. The door was slowly opened. A big

hairy head appeared. The eyes set in this halo of white hair were positively the most magnificent we had ever seen sparkle and glower in a human countsnance. If a lion were capable of being at once a poet, prophet and an exalted animal, his eyes would have possessed some thing of this stranger's glance. turned anxiously to our friend. He had disappeared. What a trick to play at such a moment! "Who do you wish? rumbled a mellow bass. "Arne Saknussem," we timidly answered, expecting to be pitched down the stairs. "Ah," was the reply. A silence. Then "Come in; please don't stumble over the can-" We followed the old man, whose stature was not as heroic as his head; and we did not fail to stumble, for the way was dark and payed with frames. canvases and a litter of bottles, paint tubes, easels, rugs, carpets, wretchedly preserved furniture and the flotsam and jetsam of an old style studio. were not sorry when we came into open space and light. We were in the room that concealed the lost masterpieces and there, blithely smoking a cigarette was our lost guide the painter. He had entered by another door, he explained, and without noticing our disconserted air he introduced us to the man of the house. In sheer daylight he looked younger, though his years must have bordered upon the Biblical three score and ten; but the soul, the brain, that came out of his wonderful eyes were as young as yesterday.

"lan't he a corker?" irreverently demanded our friend. "He is not even as aid as he looks. He doesn't eat vegetables, he drinks when thirsty anything he can get and smokes day and night And yet he calls himself an idealist. The old painter smiled. "I suppose I have been described as Waring to you, because I knew Browning. I did vanish from the sight of my friends for years. but only in the attempt to conquer paint, not to achieve kingship or money; when I returned from Italy I was a stranger in a strange land. No one remembered me. I had last seen Elihu Vedder at Capri. Worst of all, I had forgotten myself that with time fashions ange in art as in dress, and nowadays no one understands me, and with the single exception of Arthur B. Davies I understand no one. I doubt," mused this patriarch, "if Davies yet understands nimeelf. He belongs to the early Florentines his line is as beautiful as Pollajulo whereas I come from the Venetians. I love gold more than Baisac's Facino Cano. Gold, ah, luscious gold, the lost secret of the masters! Tell me, do you love Titian?" We swore an oath to the memory of Titian. The artist seemed pleased. "You younger men are devoted to Velasques and Hals; too much so. Great as painters, possibly greatest among painters, their souls never broke away from the soil like runaway balloons They miss height and depth. Their

never sings like Titian's. They

surprise secrets in the eyes of their sitters, IN A LAND OF LITTLE POVERTY but never the secrets surprised by the Italian. I sat at his feet, at the feet of his canvases, for fifty years, and I'm further away than ever." Our friend interrupted this rhapsody.

"Look here, Arne, you man wit

name out of a Julea Verne romance, don't

you think you are playing on your visi-

tor's nerves just to set them on edge

noy! I've heard this choral

tidal country includes in whole or in part sixteen counties of Maryland and about as many of Virginia. The whole that landscape with a river bank and area is perhaps 6,000 square miles, and the The other gravely bowed. population outside of cities is possible Then he manipulated the light, placed 250,000. In the whole area no farm is ten miles from a steamboat landing, and in most of it a smaller, secured one and placed it on the half the farms border a navigable stream "Wageasel. We drew a long breath. In some of these counties the jails are much of the time empty or nearly empty and in most of them the poorhouses have The tormented vessel stormed down few inmates. The richest man in one of the canvas, every inch of sail bellying the exclusively rural counties is reputed out in a wind that blew a gale infernal to be worth \$250,000, and he has no poor "A story, a story!" we all cried and settled beneath the rays, so it seemed to us, neighbors. Vice and misfortune here. down for a yarn; but no yarn was spun. of a poisoned golden moon. as elsewhere, bear fruit, but no able often look and The painter relapsed into silence and the was massive and rhythmic. In the first bodied, industrious man is unemployed place a smaller ship does not even atmany days in the year, and in much of tempt to tack. You anticipate the smasiting and crackling when the Dutchman the region it is so easy to earn some sort of a living that even the idle and improvrides over her; but it never happen dent are seldom in serious want. The re-Like the moonshine the phantom are tales of men who carn in a fishing eason of six weeks or two months enough the other boat. No figures are shown, to maintain their families in comfort nevertheless as we studied the picture the whole year, and of others who from we discerned the restless soul of beginnings of this kind have become der Decken pacing his quarterdeck, rich according to local standards in less cursing the elements or longing for some than twenty years. far away Senta. A poetic composition

Food of every kind except beef and handled with the evasiveness of a master, mutton is cheap in this country for the greater part of the year. To the man Where had Arne learned the secret of with a hook and line or a boat and net or oyster tongs, fish, oysters and the that blazed threateningly in the storm like cost nothing more than the catching. wrack, gold that was as lyric as spring A negro boy with the crudest appliance sunshine? And why sinister gold in a can draw out of the water the family My friend the painter laughed. "Aha! dinner in the course of an hour's fishing. A man and a boy with a moderately sea-You're looking for the sun, and is it only a moon overhead? Our conjurer here worthy boat and a pair of oyster tong knows a few tricks. Know then, credulous can earn decent wages seven or eight one, that the moon yonder is really the months in the year catching oysters, Seek the reason for that suffused and something all summer long between back sky, realize that the solar photofishing and crabbing. shhere in a mist is precisely the breeder All over the lowlands in the southern of all this magic gold you so envy." "Yes,

SMALL FARMS PAY ALONG

THE CHESAPEAKE SHORE.

The Waters Abound in Fish and Oysters

-Table Luxuries of the North Arein

Every Cabin-Cash Not Plentiful,

but There's Enough for Necessitie

If you draw a line through the points

that mark the head of asvigation on the

streams of the Chesapeake basin you

will outline an area in which, outside of

considerable cities and their suburb-

real poverty is almost unknown. This

half of this region spring vegetables and fruits begin to be ready for the table in we exclaimed, "but the grip, the motion of it all. Only Turner-- we were interearly April, and the gardens are still rupted by a friendly slap on the back. yielding in late October. Asparagus is "Now you're talking sense," said our on the tables of cabin dwellers while it is friend. "Torner, a new Turner, who has still the luxury of the rich in New York, heard the music of Wagner and read and strawberries retail at three or four cents a box when they fetch from 10 to 20 What followed we shall not pretend in city markets. In the spring you may to describe. Landscapes of old ivory and buy at the fishing shore a thousand herring for as little as \$2, and for \$2 or \$3 a pearly grays; portraits in which varnish and modulated colors of a gamut of in- family may buy and cure the winter's tensity that set tingling the eyeballs supply of salt fish. played a series of tonal variations in the

Tomatoes at wholesale are \$7 to \$8 a ton midst of which the theme was lost, was and a few cents will buy enough tomate hinted at, emerged triumphantly and plants in the spring to give any family at the end vanished in the glorious arawith a garden patch enough for summer eating and winter preserving.

beeque; then followed apocalyptic visions which the solid earth staggered through All up and down the streams and for the empyrean after a black sun, a magnetic miles inland every family, whether disk doorned by a voice that cried "It is occupying a big farm or a mere home Pastorals as ravishing patch, has chickens, ducks, geese, tur as Giorgione, with nuances of gold tint keys and guinea fowl. If the water does undreamed of since the yellow flecks in not yield ready money the housewife the robes of Rembrandt. Our very souls takes some of her poultry to the nearest had centred in our eyes; but, uncritical steamboat landing and ships them to as was our mood in the presence of all Baltimore. Nothing is too small to be this imaginative art, we could not help turned into cash at need. Sometimes it noting that it was without a single trait of the modern. Both in theme and is a yearling pig, sometimes two dozen muskrat skins, sometimes half a dozer treatment the pictures might have been quail shot in the edge of the woodland painted in the Renaissance. The varnish was as wonderful as that on the dwellers on the several score inhabited belly of a Stradivarius fiddle. The blues islands of the Chesapeake are sometimes belly of a Stradivarius fiddle. The blues were of that celestial quality to be found so well content with the wealth to be draw out of the teeming waters that they hard! in Titian, the browns, whites-ah, such exquisite whites, plus blanche que la plus Some of these islands are far more de blanche hermine!—the rich blacks, sonor-ous reds and yellows; what were all these and even freer from any sign of poverty. The islanders marry early, build their but secrets recovered of the old masters! The subjects were mainly legendary or fathers and turn with che

mythological; no discordant note of to the waters as the source of income. "modernity" obtruded its ugly self. We were in the presence of something as rare as the playing by Chopin of his own music, which Ernest Legouvé said was the rarest sensation he had ever experienced.

What? Why? How? we felt like asking all at once, but Arne Saknussem only smiled and we choked our emotion. Why smiled and we choked our emotion. "modernity" obtruded its ugly self. We Soil is of all kinds in this comparatively and the rivers, so that some of it is pro-ducing better crops to-day than any time

had he never exhibited in the Academy? since the seventeenth century.

The lure of the waters makes it hard Or at a special show? Our friend saw our embarrasment and spared us by blurtfor farmers to keep good hired labor, and "No, he never exhibited, this obstinate Arne! He never will. He makes more money than he needs and will leave it to some cat asylum, for he is a hardened bachelor. Women do not interest him. You won't see one female head in all this counties of the Ziven way to small fruits, potatoes, sweet and white, and tomatoes. Some of the Virginia counties of the Western Shore have learned that peanuts pay better than old Diogenes suffered from an unfortunate love affair. His only love is paint.

His one weakness is a selfish, a miserly desire to keep all this beautiful paint for It has been discovered within a dozen ing not in ten or twelve years but in six

think the moderns can paint. Let no one comes to see me. My chattering friend or eight.

Those who have watched the economic of the Chesapeake basis development of the Chesapeake basin for thirty or forty years believe that no matter how the cities of the Atlantic in New York, now, a painter of genius, who is known to few! Extraordinary! Is his name really Arne Saknussem? Our friend shuugged shoulders and smiled raysteriously. We hate tom-foolery. Be frank, we adjured him. He hummed "In Vishnu land what avatar?" Then we crossed over to the club and talked art far into the night. And Arne Saknussen will be over come out from coast may grow in the future the return to the farm has some in this region. The increased price of living in cities has been reflected in the increased value of well situated farms in the Chesapeake well situated farms in the Cheapeake basin and in greater profits to the farmer. Every year somebody is hitting upon a profitable crop or a profitable economy. Sometimes it is a kind of duck that thrives well on the edge of a tidal stream and fetches a good price in the city markets. Sometimes it is the saving of a waste product, as herring roe, which was thrown away by the ton five years ago. Five years ago experts were prophesying the years ago experts were prophesying the extinction of the Chesapeake oyster; in the season just closed the catch in Mary land waters was one of the known in the history of the bu the greates Marvland is now making ready to plant the "barren" bottoms of the bay and its estuaries, so as to insure a constant in-crease of the industry.

orease of the industry.

Part of this Chesapeake country never abandoned wheat growing even when the competition from the West was strongest and the peach craze was at its height, and a few sanguine farmers halicely that when these a future on the its height, and a few sanguine farmers believe that wheat has a future on the clay lands. One island of the upper Chesapeake has long been famous for its wheat lands, which have yielded as high as forty bushels to the acre. There are local prophets of even higher yields to the acre. Meanwhile there are some lands, known for sengrations as "pipe" lands, known for generations as barrens," where forestry will so systematically practised for profit.

From the Fort Colling Express A man milking a cow 100 feet away was imerical wer but not hurt, and the cow was so stunned that she sat down like a dog, but soon rece

Bovine Dignity.